

[Mrs. Frances Lindblad]

LM [S241 - LA?] DUP

FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. Lincoln, Neb.

DATE November 8, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. Frances Lindblad, 2520 W
2. Date and time of interview 8 - 10 p.m.
3. Place of interview 2520 W St.
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant None
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you

None

6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Six room house, modern, neatly furnished. Fence around the house, beautiful lawn.
Beautifully furnished.

FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. Lincoln, Nebr.

DATE November 8, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

Library of Congress

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. F. Lindblad

1. Ancestry Swedish
2. Place and date of birth Illinois, 1875
3. Family Husband, two sons of her daughter
4. Place lived in, with dates Illinois, 1875-78; Nebraska, 1878 1938
5. Education, with dates Primary grades
6. Occupations and accomplishments, with dates
Housewife
7. Special skills and interests Needlework, cooking
8. Community and religious activities Lutheran (Swedish)
9. Description of informant Small, young-looking.
10. Other points gained in interview

FORM C Text of Interview (Unedited)

NAME OF WORKER George Hartman ADDRESS 2438 W. Lincoln, Neb.

DATE November 8, 1938 SUBJECT Folklore

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Frances Lindblad, 2520 W. St.

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When we came to Nebraska and landed in Lincoln, the city hall had boards over the window as they were just building it. They put a big tarpaulin over the artesian well and it was muddy all around it.

Where the old automobile club stands was where my father built his first log cabin.

The land next to the Auto Club has belonged to the same people for eighty years.

In cold weather my father would get a big plank and tie it to two horses, one horse on each end of the plank. Then they would go over the frozen cornfield and the stubs would break off. They would rake the stubs together and burn them. You could see bonfires all over at night time.

They sowed their grain by putting their grain in the back end of the wagon, and one man would throw the seed out from the back while the other man drove the team.

They had wells with buckets and a whindle to wind it up with. The wells were only twenty feet deep lined up with stones. Every farmer had to be his own well digger.

Some pretty bad dirt storms were just as evident then as now. The dirt was black and it drifted in the hedges.

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Wells were dug in low places and water had to be carried a half mile or so.

The first toaster was quite an invention to us. One family had nothing to eat all winter but popcorn and milk. No one ran to the county for help and thought they were fortunate to have anything to eat.

There was time when people had to go out on the prairie and pick up a bone for broth. Roots were added to it. This broth kept the people alive. The picture, "Good [Earth?]"

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reminded me of early times in Nebraska. People prospered because they only bought necessities.

My folks came to Nebraska in 1878, then moved to Newman Grove where we lived in a sod house, a one room affair. Father went out with two empty hands. My father paid fourteen hundred dollars for his farm.

In twenty years he accumulated twenty thousand dollars. People were not used to spending their money. When people bought clothes they wore them until they were worn out, not just until they got out of style like they do now. People are not as courageous now as they were years ago.

Clothing seemed to be higher than now and people didn't have the variety in dress as now.

Fifty-three years ago Indians used to camp seven miles east of Lincoln at Steven's Creek where berries, plums were plentiful. An Indian tribe stayed there for all winter. One winter when I was a girl I got curious and went in this camp. The Indians invited me in a tent and called me a "papoose." They had feather beds lined up all around inside the tent. Buffalo skins for comfortors. Long strips of dried meat hung on the pole and the smoke would hit the meat and prepare it. The Indians talked about me and looked in my dinner pail but didn't take anything out and then I told 3 them I had to go and they told me to come again. The Indians had meat frozen in the woods hanging in the trees. They had many horses with them. That night when I came home I told my folks and they were scared to death that I would be kidnapped.

Wild range horses were driven through Lincoln to the [east?] several times a year.

I have a cat that I have tried three times to get rid of. First I sent him out to the State Farm and in two weeks he came back. Next I sent him to Newman Grove and in a week he was back again. Finally, in desperation, I called the Humane Society. The man came and got

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the cat but in four weeks the cat came back again for the third time and gave me a good scolding.